With eager feeding food doth choke the feeder,
Light Vanitie, insatiate cormorant.
Consuming meanes soone prayes vpon it selfe:
This Royall throne of Kings, this Sceptred Ile,
This earth of Maiestie, this seate of Mars,
This oter Eden, demie Paradice,
This Foretresse built by Nature for her selfe,
Against infection, and the hand of Warre;
This happy breed of Men, this little World,
This precious Stone set in the Siluer Sea,
Which serueues it in the office of a Wall, *serves*
Or as a Moate defensiue to a house, *a omitt*
Against the enuie of lesse happier lands:
This blessed plotte, this Earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurse, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Feard by their breed, and famous by their birth,
Renowned in their deeds as farre from home,
For Christian seruice and true chiualrie,
As is the Sepulchre in stubborne Iewrie,
Of the worlds Ransome, blessed *Maries* Sonne:
This Land of such deare soules, this deare deare land;
Deare for her reputation through the world,
Is now leaced out (I die pronouncing it) *on*
Like to a tenement and Pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant Sea,
Whose rockie shoare beates backe the enuious siege
Of watry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
With Inkie blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a shamefull conquest of it selfe:
Ah would the scandall vanisht with my life, *vanish*
How happy then were my ensuing death;

Yorke. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts being rag'de, do rage the more.

† *Enter the King and Queene, &c.*

Queene. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaster?

King. What comfort man? how ist with aged *Gaunt?*

† Enter the King, Queene Bumere Bushy, Greene, Bagot, Rosse & Willoughby 4th 8 Lt.

Gaunt

Gaunt. O how that
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and
Within me griefe hath
And who abstaines fro
For sleeping England,
Watching breedes lea
The pleasure that som
Is my strickt fast, I me
And therein, fasting ha
Gaunt am I for the gra
Whose hollow wombe
King. Can sicke me
Gaunt. No, miserie
Since thou dost seeke t
I O mocke my name (g
King. Should dying
Gaunt. No, no, me
King Thou now a
Gaunt. Oh no, tho
King. I am in healt
Gaunt. Now he tha
Ill in my selfe to see, a
Thy death-bed is no l
Wherein thou lyest in
And thou too careles
Commitst thy annoy
Of those Phisitions t
A thousand Flatterer
Whose compasse is n
And yet inraged in so
The waste is no whit
Oh had thy Grandsir
Seene how his Sonne
From foorth thy reac
Deposing thee befor
Which art possest no
Why Cosin wert th
It were a shame to let

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